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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 43.

JUNE, 1871.

No. 6.

FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

THE FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was held in Association Hall, Monday Evening, May 8th, 1871, at half-past seven o'clock. WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the chair, and the devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. L. S. WEED, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this city.

The President, in opening the meeting, said: "We have come together again in this place, at the end of another year, to make our report in regard to the operations of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and to listen to statements of its work. To the Board the past year has been a very pleasant one, marked by an entire harmony, cordial co-operation and efficiency in all departments. The Board has been as deeply impressed with the importance of this work during the last, as in any former year. And they have been as successful as ever in their operations both in this port and in the various ports of the world where they have their representatives to take care of seamen, and protect their interests. All this will appear in the Annual Report, a brief abstract of which will now be read by Secretary HALL."

ABSTRACT.

THIS SOCIETY, whose object is to improve the social and moral condition of seamen—seeking to accomplish its end, both directly and by aiding co-operating organizations—has during the past year supported (wholly or in part) from its treasury forty-five Chaplains and Missionaries, laboring in the sea-ports of this and foreign countries, each of them engaged in caring for the sailors' welfare and acting toward him the part of a brother.

FOREIGN OPERATIONS.—These have been maintained at St. Johns, N. B., on the coast of Labrador, and at ports in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France, Italy, Buenos Ayres, Chili and the Sandwich Islands. The Society has also made special grants in the way of supplies to others actively interested in seamen at Spezia, Malta, Havana and Chefoo. A great amount of work has been done by these self-denying, indefatigable men preaching the Gospel in Bethels and on ship board, circulating the Scriptures, &c., and their labors have been signally blessed. While they do not pretend to count results, probably not less than a hundred and fifty hopeful conversions have occurred in connection with them.

DOMESTIC CHAPLAINCIES.—The Society has also had twenty-one Chaplains and Missionaries on the HOME field laboring in Portland, Boston, New York and Brooklyn, Richmond, Norfolk, Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and along the inland waters of the State of New York. Much good has been done at all these stations, and more than usual encouragement is felt in regard to many who have gone to sea religiously impressed.

LIBRARY WORK.—The experience of another year has served to show the growing importance of the Society's Loan Libraries as a most effective means for doing good on ship-board. The facts that have come to our knowledge in regard to the interest manifested by sailors themselves, are most gratifying. This has been shown in some instances by generous contributions in aid of the work; in others by letters of thanks; and in others by the acknowledgment that a book from the library on ship-board has led its reader to the Saviour. "God bless the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY (says a captain in a letter recently received) God bless the Seamen's Friend Society. Your libraries supply the food that the hungry starving souls of seamen need. *We feel we cannot do without them.*"

The number of libraries sent to sea during the year ending May 1st, 1871, is SEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX, (three hundred and twenty-six new and four hundred refitted) on vessels carrying 17,861 men; making the total number of libraries sent out since the work was inaugurated thirteen years ago, THREE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, containing at least 180,000 volumes, and accessible in their frequent re-shipments to 167,931 men.

In the last year twenty-four libraries were shipped on naval vessels, carrying 2,573 men, making the total number of libraries shipped in the navy, seven hundred and eighty-five, accessible at different times to 88,173 men. Of these libraries two hundred and forty have been returned and re-shipped on merchant vessels, leaving now in the navy or unaccounted for, five hundred and forty-five. More than seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea are reported as having occurred in connection with this single agency, fifty-one the last year. In some cases, almost entire crews have thereby been led to Christ.

SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street.—Thus far the hopes of the Board in the appointment of its present Superintendent have been more than realized. He has succeeded in making the HOME popular, without in the least lowering its character, and never since it was first opened for their accommodation have seamen been rendered in every way so comfortable as now. A new steam heating apparatus has been introduced into the building, the sleeping rooms and furniture have been renovated, the dining hall and chapel are made plea-

sant, and the whole establishment has taken on an improved and inviting aspect. The past year has been one of signal prosperity. The number of boarders has been 1,962, an increase of 287 over the year before, and an increase of just 999 over the year before that. These have deposited with the Superintendent for safe keeping \$43,411, of which sum \$24,140 were sent to relatives and \$5,210 were placed in Savings Banks. Of these boarders 240 were shipped without advance, that bane to the sailors' welfare, and 70 were taken to the hospital. Several shipwrecked and destitute sailors have been relieved. The whole number of boarders at the HOME since it was opened in 1842 is 77,678.

Not the least of its many excellent features is the Saturday evening prayer-meeting at the HOME. Although daily morning and evening worship is held in the chapel, with the door left open for any to come in who may choose, the service that closes the week is looked forward to with very great interest. The meetings are sometimes crowded and full of spirit and very profitable. Besides the Superintendent one of the Society's missionaries is always in attendance, as he is always accessible to the boarders, and here, in their spiritual birth-place, prayer has been answered in the conversion of many souls.

It is an interesting fact, that will bear to be frequently repeated, that the HOME, during the twenty-nine years of its existence, has saved to seamen and their families over a million and a half of dollars—nearly double the amount received into the Society's treasury for the support of all its operations.

COLORED SAILORS' HOME.—This institution has removed during the past year into improved quarters, (153 Thompson St.), which have been fitted up, re-painted and re-furnished at an expense of \$1,700. The number of boarders during the past year has been 569, an increase of 50 over the year before. Of these 21 were shipwrecked and destitute, and were relieved at an expense of \$405.95, of which \$300 were paid by the Society. The whole number of boarders since the HOME was opened in 1869 is 16,876. A liberal appropriation is annually made in aid of this deserving establishment.

PUBLICATIONS.—It is gratifying to know that the various monthly issues of the Society seem to be approved for the uses designed. The Society has issued during the past year 65,000 copies of the MAGAZINE, and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, in all, 40,000 copies of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND and 260,000 copies of the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath Schools throughout the land. Allowing an average of but six to each of these, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has, in this way, been presented to the attention of over two millions of readers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The report acknowledges generous grants from the American Bible and Tract Societies and also a donation from Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., of the stereotyped plates of the Seamen's Hymns.

OBITUARY.—The report also makes mention of the decease during the year of three of our honored Vice-Presidents, Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. N., Gen. William Williams, of Norwich, Ct., and Mr. John Millard, of Brooklyn.

FINANCES.—The total expenditures for the year ending May 1st, 1871, were \$63,830 66. The receipts from all sources were \$60,360 28. The present indebtedness of the Society is \$3,470. 38. This, it is intended to liquidate with certain outstanding legacies. It is the policy of the Board hereafter to limit appropriations to probable income.

The congregation then joined in singing the following hymn, written for the occasion :

I.

Great Ruler of the worlds above
And all that lies below,
From whom our daily gifts of love,
And endless mercies flow ;
We praise Thy name, we sing Thy power,
And ask Thy blessing on this hour.

II.

The storms at Thy supreme command
With dreadful force arise,
And at the motion of Thy hand
The windy tempest dies :
The souls who trust Thy promised word,
Are safe at home, are safe abroad.

III.

On all the widely spreading sea
Thy wondrous love is known :
Since Thou did'st walk on Galilee
Thyself divine to own
'Till now, that love is oft displayed
In words of cheer, "Be not afraid."

IV.

Then praise to Thee who reign'st on high,
And rulest on the sea ;
Let all the earth and all the sky
Adore Thy Majesty !
Thou Sovereign Lord, Thou Saviour King,
Let all the isles their worship bring !

After this came the addresses announced for the evening, by Rev. Dr. HOPPER, of this city, Rev. Mr. FRENCH, of Morristown, N. J., Rev. H. M. GALLAHER and Rev. Dr. SCHENCK, of Brooklyn, each in its own line of thought, admirably calculated to magnify the work of the Society and to encourage its friends to redoubled efforts in behalf of that noble class in whose interest it is organized. These addresses we take pleasure in giving to our readers in the present number of the MAGAZINE. At the close of the Anniversary exercises, the benediction being pronounced by the Rev. Dr. HOLDICH, the Society came together and elected the following persons to serve as Trustees for the term of three years or until May 1874, viz : NATHANIEL BRIGGS, LEVI S. WEED, J. E. ROCKWELL, GEORGE D. SUTTON, JAMES W. ELWELL, SAMUEL H. HALL, L. P. HUBBARD, MOSES S. BEACH.

ADDRESS BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

Dr. HOPPER, who was introduced as *Pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land*, spoke as follows:

Mr. PRESIDENT:

Never, since the earth and sea were made, has the relative power of the sea been greater than it is to-day. Steam and electricity have set every body in all the world traveling, to and fro, up and down. Every body has been over, or is passing over, or intends to pass over the sea; and so the sons of the ocean have multiplied and increased, until they are numbered by millions; and these millions of men spend their time ferrying the rest of mankind and their products across the sea. Who are these men for whom your society was organized over forty years ago, for whom it has been laboring all the time, and in whose interest we are here to-night? Who are these men, to whom we are continually entrusting our lives and our goods? Your estimate of the sailor will depend on the stand point you take. One man looks at Columbus, the old sailor who gave a new continent to the world; or at Hendrick Hudson, who rescued our beautiful island and river from the reign of the Manitou, and gave them to the glorious old knickerbockers; or to De-catur, Perry, or to glorious Farragut, in Mobile Bay, praying to God to know what was his duty.

A man keeping such images upon the retina of his eye, while he looks upon the commonest sailor, sees in him the lineaments of a hero. That is his estimation. Another man, from a lower stand point, say Water Street looks at him as a sort of sea-scalawag—a salt-water loafer,—who smells of bilge-water, and whose sole ambition it is to consume just as much rum and tobacco as he possibly can. The fact is, that the sailor is just like other men. When I went to the Church of the Sea and Land, I wondered how I would preach to sailors, and I took a hint from an old sea-captain, who said, “the sailor wants to be addressed as other men,”—and so I have found it.

Sailors have their idiocyncracies, their peculiarities. Circumstances have made them what they are; but there are good and bad men, and indifferent men among them—many of them indifferent. There are brave men and cowards, noble and base, just as among landmen. It is said, “circumstances make men,”—and certainly circumstances make the sailor. And yet a great deal depends upon the material out of which they are made. Circumstances cannot polish a brick. Circumstances cannot take a dull, stupid land-lubber, and make a bright sailor of him. Circumstances cannot make a hero out of a coward.

Here is a vicious boy, sent to sea because he is too bad for the land; and then men wonder at the viciousness of the sailor! Another class go down to the sea, of the noble sort, bold, brave, hardy, fond of adventure. Circumstances make heroes of them.

Take the general run of men and boys, and send them to sea, subjecting them to the common sea-faring life, to all its disadvantages, the

deprivation of home, school, literary pursuits, society, churches,—and is it any wonder that men, in becoming sailors, do not become saints? Man without woman—what is he? A barbarian. (Applause.) Deprive any man of her influence, and his tendency is down to the nature of the animal from which he was derived, according to those wise men who know all about it, on the principle of natural selection, or some such method, so much easier to understand than that God made man! (Applause.) The tendency is downward. Deprive the world of women, and it would take but a few years before all its inhabitants would be brutes. Then think how the sailor is deprived of her society for the most part of the time, being also confined to the ship, which the great Dr. Johnson said was equivalent to being kept in jail, with the additional item thrown in of continual danger of drowning. Now, keep a sailor in that jail for months, and then let him out, a free man, on shore, is it any wonder at all that he wants to stretch his legs a little, and goes on a “shine.” Then think of the good qualities that we see most of in seamen; that open-heartedness, that open-handedness, that fearlessness, that warm-hearted nature of his, subjecting him to temptation, and making him an easy prey to sharpers. He does not know the dark ways of many of these landmen, that lie in wait, like man-eaters, to destroy him as soon as he puts his foot on shore. Then his own passions restrained on ship-board, by the ship’s discipline, they make a prey of him; and so he only too often escapes shipwreck on the deep, to be lost ashore. A thousand gaping graves open to swallow him on the sea. A thousand worse graves gape, to swallow him, body and soul, as soon as he lands. Land sharks devour him. Fallen angels beckon him to the gate of hell. Fire consumes what the waves spare.

And then, think how hard treatment and neglect for years and ages have chased him! Brutal treatment makes brutes of them. “Oh! but they are hard cases—they are mere wretches!” That is the way they are hardened and made wretches, as well as wretched. Look at the old-fashioned fore-castle. A well educated dog, with any refinement of feeling, would growl if you thrust him into such a kennel. With that accommodation, hard-tack and hard kicks, poor Jack had to be satisfied; and if he grumbled, there was less hard-tack and harder kicks. And if he dies, wrap him up and let him slide; with a weight to his feet, he will make his own grave! That is the way with Jack; and the waves moan and the winds sigh, and his companions are silent for a time; and the dead man’s ghost will haunt the cabin of the cruel Captain, and perhaps the fore-castle too. But he was nothing only a sailor, and he died at sea, and was buried. Had he died on shore, devoured by harpies, or lured to his murder by Water street demons, they perhaps would have boxed him up and hurried his remains to Potter’s Field, after robbing him of all his money; for he is only a sailor: who cares for him:

“Rattle his bones over the stones;
He’s only a *sailor*, whom nobody owns.”

That is the way they have been treated. Thank God, there is other treatment. There are other Captains, other forecastles, other kinds of ships to-day; and I see one of these noble captains in this audience to-night, who, upon arriving from London, a week or two ago, brought all his men, except those needed on ship-board, to our church, a score of men, devout worshippers as you would wish to see. (Applause). Two of that crew have since united with my church, and it was a pleasant thing to hear these men tell what God had done for them; one of them a bearded, rough-looking, tender-hearted man, who had not been home for two years, and another who told how his mother's prayers had come down out of heaven to him on mid ocean. A mother's prayers, like angels out of heaven, whispered to him, and God saved him.

Now, sir, Captains who treat their hands as men, will have men, and those who treat their men as brutes, will have brutes, instead of men. It is brutal treatment that makes brutes. Oh! while we must have strict government on ship-board, let it be tempered with love. Is it not true that love, mingled with justice, is better to rule a ship, or a State, than force, fury, fierceness? (Applause). Now, what shall we do for these men? Just what you, Mr. President, are doing. I wish all the land was full of Booths, and the other officers of your Society, and every where houses and managers of houses like our good friend Alexander and his excellent wife, "Great," in their sphere in the house down there, where sailors find a home, society, music, a library, and other refining influences, as soon as they come on shore, and where they are induced to save their earnings. If you can only make a sailor saving, (stingy you cannot make him)—if you can only make him save his earnings, you have a good ground of hope for him. I thank God for what you are doing. Only *do more* of it. That is the way to help the sailor—to do what you are doing,—*but do more of it*. Stretch out as many arms to save him as Briareas did to defend the throne of Jupiter, when Neptune attacked it. And this is the way, Mr. President. Speak to him as Christ spoke to the sailor. Make him respect himself. No character that is worth having was ever built up when this foundation stone was neglected. Every thing that is strong and beautiful in character is based upon self respect. Make him believe he is a man, whether he thinks so or not. He is a man for whom Christ died,—died to reconstruct him in the image of God, which our first parents lost. I thank God for this Society. I thank Him for the Church of the Sea and Land, and for every other church like it. I thank God that He is using manifold influences to elevate the sailor, by all moral suasion, by all religious principles.

Your Society, sir, has got the lever of God's love under him, and you are lifting him up to manhood, to CHRIST.

It is not necessary for you to speak to a sailor in a sort of sea-slang. I do not know anything about anchors and life-boats and kelsons. I go to him as I do to any other man. They understand Christ's

language just as well as you do. You can take a sailor to heaven on the breath of a flower as easy as in a life-boat. They are so long on sea that they rather like a touch of land. The land breezes refresh them. They love to look upon green fields and meadows and wheat fields, and the little violet, with its sweet lips, speaks as eloquently to the sailor as the wide-mouthed ocean; he hears God in it; and the music of the woods, the birds, the brooks attune his heart to God's praises as readily as the song of the great sea. (Applause.) And when you have won him, you have got him and another man; for the sailor, if he comes to Christ, is sure to get some one else. The sailor is too generous to keep anything good to himself. He wants to have every one else to enjoy himself as he does. It is a delight to hear them tell what is in them. It makes the heart beat quicker, it makes one love Christ more, to hear these men tell how they love him. (Applause.) And he goes every where preaching the word. That is what he does. No fear and no shame ever keeps the sailor from confessing Christ. He talks of Christ: he stands up for Christ; he sings of Christ; he would die for Christ, just as readily as before, he would have risked his life for a comrade, or died for the flag of his country. (Applause.) He hears Christ in the storm; he sees Him in the stars; Christ walks with him upon the sea; Christ is his port of safety; Christ is his captain; by Christ he steers to a haven of peace. His chart is Christ. Brave, bearded, stalwart, seasoned like the ship he sails in from keel to deck, all complete, open hearted, open handed, rough and tough,—rough outside, but inwardly in his heart as tender as a woman: I tell you, if you have got a sailor converted, you have got a missionary. That is what it is. He goes everywhere, preaching the Gospel. I thank God there are many forecastles from which his praises go up. The Father alone knows how many bright jewels are His, down in the caverns of the deep, that went down in rough caskets. "All hands perished." Such is the brief record. "All souls were lost." That is not the record of these men's souls; they are not lost, sunk though they be beneath a watery floor; and when the sea shall give up its dead, full many a gem from ocean's depth shall shine immortal in the Saviour's crown. Oh! that He had thousands where he has hundreds! and he will have.

Now I must hurry through. I did not know that I could speak at all; but when I get talking about the sailor I feel so interested that I love to keep speaking. Why, all the interests of agriculture, of manufactures, of commerce are united in the sailor, who thus becomes the very agent of our national prosperity. It is the sailor that builds up our city palaces. It is through his instrumentality that our merchants are made princes, and they are some of them princely in feeling as well as in other accomplishments. To the sailor we commit our treasure and our lives, when we go down to the sea, and when the storm blows wildly, it is to the sailor we look, under God, for safety; and if ever

the war-fiend should glare upon us again, it is to him we must look to defend our shores from the invading foe. It is to him we commit the honor of our flag, in every port. It is to the sailor we look for that intercourse between nations which brings Christianity to the door of heathendom. Let us prepare him for this agency, that he may speed the halcyon days prayed for by all ages, when the beautiful ship of peace with white wings, shall bear the Olive branch to all the nations, and on board shall be heard sweet songs, like that which the angels sang when Christ was born—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." GOD HELP US TO BUILD THAT SHIP! (Applause.)

ADDRESS, BY REV. J. A. FRENCH,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Morristown. N J.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

What right has a man from the country, who lives out of the sight of blue water (to his sorrow)--what right has he to come and speak on behalf of the sailor? Just this right--that the looker on sees most of the game. Your old hardened sea captains are accustomed to the contrast between the sailor's life and the life of other men; you who pass up and down to your business every day through the streets of your city are accustomed to the contrast between the broad avenues where the sun shines, and the low, miserable lanes where the sailor lives; but a man from the country, (as my venerable friend would say, "with the hay seed not yet out of his hair,") not accustomed to such striking contrasts, does read the wonderful lesson as he walks from the ferry, even, up to the Hall of this Association, he does see the marked difference between the widest streets where Christianity dwells in its power, and those low narrow lanes where the sailor must live. And, dear friends, passing by every other argument, I would come straight and strike upon that cord that sounds the loudest, that sounds the longest, on behalf of the sailor and of every good work--Christian principle.

Now, there are a great many arguments to be used for the sailor's cause. There is the argument of *gratitude*. Civilization has always followed where the sailor went before. And yet, after all, when we come down to the practical question of help, gratitude seems to lose its power. You never built up a great reform from the foundation of gratitude or mere obligation. You shall hear also, as you have heard so eloquently, of the pitiable condition of the sailor. But, friends, we must have something deeper than pity. We can never build up a great reform, such as is needed here, upon any foundation like that. We must come to a motive which will work, after gratitude has lifted its voice in vain, and the mere sentiment of pity has been dead for days and days, we must come to that motive which will always work in every converted soul, the very heart of all reforms, and that is Christian prin-

ciple. (Applause). And now what is Christianity? Laying aside all theological questions and all the cobwebs with which we cover the subject, what is it? *It is the duty of the strong, because they are strong, to take care of the weak, because they are weak.* What was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the source of Christianity? The eternal Son of God, who gave up his throne and power with the Father, that he might come down and raise up fallen man. What has been the distinctive spirit of Christianity in every age? Has it not been a recognition of this duty on the part of the strong, the cultured, the saved in Christ, to stretch out a helping hand to lift up the weak? Any nation, any society, any church that has lacked that principle is not Christian. Look at the difference between nations that we call Christian nations, and those that have not recognized this principle. In olden time the lower classes, oppressed and debased, struggled and suffered, until gaining strength, they burst up desperately through the class above them. That was Revolution. But the central fact of all Christian history is this, that the upper class, filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ, have had such grace given them, long before the time for revolution, that they have stretched down a hand, strong with the love of the Redeemer, and lifted the lower class up. That we call Reform, instead of Revolution; and that is the central fact of the life of all Christian society, the foundation of all true reform; and it is to that I would appeal here to night for the sailor. If I can but show that we are strong, and they are weak, if I can but prove that minor premise, your own Christian hearts will supply the major premise, that the strong, must take care of the weak, and the work will be done. It needs only that.

And we are strong by reason of our homes. Here we walk through these same broad streets, with the sun light on them, and they are lined on each side with homes, filled with love and all quiet, refining, educating influences. By the grace of God, we are born into such homes; with fathers and mothers to watch and pray over us; discipline of the will, culture of the mind and heart, discipline of the whole body and soul until we are able to stand ourselves, by and by. Then homes of our own, with wife and children. There is no educator under Heaven like that of a man's own home, where he must live out the Gospel; where he must stand as the exemplar of all that is true and lovely and good. Why, what nations are those that to day are standing at the head of progress, the embodiment of power? Take the German nation. What is the power of the German nation and of those that have sprung from that strong old stock? It is this, that they have clung to the home. (Applause). And what is the weakness of that poor nation that lies the pity of the whole civilized world, at the feet of the conqueror, racked with internal dissention, her brain mad, her heart wild with delirium? What the great Napoleon said, years ago, is true. What France needs, said that wise man, is mothers. He meant all

the word conveys ; for mother is the centre of home. The weakness of France is that she has been without her homes. We should bless God that he has given us such places, where we are educated and made strong all the seven days in the week.

Then, on the Sabbath day, also *we are strong in the Church*. What wonderful views of God's glory and goodness are given us there ! What awakening influences. There we hear strong men, whose minds are keen to read the great questions of the time,—men whose hearts are all alive to the great movements of modern progress,—men whose spirits are filled deep with the wisdom that has come down from God. These men are in the pulpits of our city churches, telling us the great thoughts of the times, telling us the great responsibilities of life, and telling us of the wonderful peace and power of God, as revealed in His Word, that will enable us to meet those responsibilities. All the six days of the week we cannot begin to digest, much less exhaust, the wide reach of thought that is given us on the Sabbath day. Why, brethren, if we should be any thing else but cultivated, and noble, and powerful, it would be a shame to us, living where we do, in Christian homes, and going where we go listening to the instruction of such pulpits as are all round this place.

And if, perhaps, there may be one man here who is so unfortunate that he has no home, and who is so doubly unfortunate that he has no God or faith, yet, my dear friend, you are strong at least, in *public opinion*. Here are all round you ten thousand eyes, quick to see every thing you do ; ten thousand ears there are, ready to hear the least whisper ; ten thousand keen minds, that can look straight through the least action of your life down into the heart, and ten thousand tongues to declare what they see to the world. Why, public opinion, it is almost omniscient ; it sees every thing ; it is almost omnipotent : it holds a man's prosperity in its hand. You are guarded and upheld everywhere by this strong right arm of public opinion. There was a gentleman in Paris who, passing one of the low theatres, saw coming out of it a friend whom he had known on this side of the water, and touching him on the shoulder, he said, "How came you to be here ?" The man said, "Don't tell of me ; when I am at home I am a Christian." He did not exactly understand the word. He meant that he was a church-member. But it shows that where Christianity cannot hold men, there public opinion will sometimes hold him.

Ah ! how much of the morality, how much of the nobility that we lay here, to night, to our strength of will, to our Christian principle, and to our religious knowledge, belongs really to the strong arms of public opinion that are round us every where, bracing us up, so that however weak we are we must walk straight in some ordinary line of morality, we must keep within the bounds of some ordinary appearance.

And so, here, to night, we are the strong, and representatives of the strong ;—with minds keen to think and hearts that have been trained to

decide,—with wills that have learned to fold in our passions. And we come to speak on behalf of the weak. There are many that are weak, and the more pity it is. There are many great classes that are weak. But here is one class in the midst of us that especially claims our sympathy and help. The sailor is weak from his natural character. I do not say that the sailor is weak, meaning imbecility in his natural character. The very nobility of the man makes him weak. Ordinarily, he is a man with generous impulses, strong on one side, weak on the other. Take any common family. There is one son with a keen mind, a strong, well regulated will, of steady habits: that boy goes to be a business man. There is another—well, they all say he is such a good boy! He has no strong impulses to lead him astray; he has no very great force of mind: and they say of him, he will make a most excellent minister. (Laughter.) Here is one last son,—a boy of quick impulses, generous heart, anxious to see the world,—of exuberant spirits; he breaks away from parental control; he sows that terrible crop we call “wild oats,” that means such fearful things sometimes; by and by his friends get desperate and say they cannot do anything with him,—and they send him to sea! The very worst place! But that is the way men do when they get tired and hopeless about a boy. And so he goes to sea, with all his strong impulses and ill-regulated will, without any of the restraints of home. He is left alone with men. Now, if you put a lot of men together, without women, they always ferment. I will not put it as strongly as my good brother; but it is not good for man to be alone, and if he tries it, he finds how bad it is. I remember a manufacturer up in Connecticut who, years ago, employed a great number of raw, ungainly country boys to work by themselves. After a short time, such a place was never seen. The air was blue with blasphemy and ribaldry; the men looked more like animals than human beings, filthy, dirty, their hair uncombed, their clothes uncared for. The wise directors said, We will put young women to work with these men, and see the result; and I remember how quickly a change was seen. Within a week not an oath was to be heard through the building; it was not a month until every man's face was washed and his hair combed as well as he knew how; every man came dressed in his best suit of clothes, and kept a better one for Sundays. (Laughter.)

Well, on board ship, the sailor has not this saving influence of women's society; he is not hedged in by home; he, too often, has no Sabbath. Instead of Sundays spent in the society of Christians, or listening to the words of a faithful pastor, they are passed with men who profane the name of God, who care not for His laws. Nor is he restrained by that third great power, public opinion. Is it any wonder that, after being away weeks and months, when he comes down the plank, he longs for the sight of a woman's face, for the pressure of a friendly hand, to welcome him! The devil knows the weakness of men better than they do themselves, and he sends his emissaries for

their destruction,—men and women who do the devil's work for pay. Abandoned creatures meet him with their tainted smile and lure him to their "home." God pity him! It is the very entrance into hell itself. My dear friends, if any of you will go to-morrow out of Fifth avenue, out of Broadway, or Wall street, down to Water and Cherry streets, I need not speak to you any more upon that point. There is the contrast. Here, broad streets, sun-light, pleasant homes, everything to elevate. Down there, by the water side, narrow streets, filled with filth and drunkenness; no church spire to lift its finger to heaven and warn him; no friendly hand to take his, except those sent by this Society. Is there not all the contrast possible between our lot and his? With us, home and church; with him, not even public opinion, but the society of brutal men, growing more brutal every day. And now, dear friends, what shall we do? Shall we sit in our pleasant homes, and eat our oranges, and wear the silk, and enjoy the luxuries of foreign lands these men have brought us, and let them go the course so many are going, straight down to the devil? That is the heathen way. That is what has been done by the world ever since the first Phœnician navigators started out. But it is not the Christian way. 'No; as we are strong, as God has given us these things, we must lift others up. God has given us all these advantages that we might use them for others as well as ourselves. That is the way which Christianity should work in us.

We may appeal to other thoughts and feelings, but we can never appeal to a Christian community and strike this cord of Christian principle, and strike in vain. Less than fifty years ago that cord was struck in Christian hearts, and the formation of this Society was the result. I dare to say that if they had not done it, some one else would. We make a great deal of MARTIN LUTHER, as though the Reformation depended on him. The Reformation was sinking into the hearts and thoughts of tens of thousands of the common people of Europe, and LUTHER was raised up out of it as spokesman. That is all. He was a necessary consequence. So this Society was a necessary expression of that Christian love. Now, this Society being in operation, our duty is to extend its usefulness. Where there is one place of worship established, there should be ten; where there is one missionary, ten should be added. People say to me, with so much to do, with so many claims in the field, you cannot expect us to do much for this particular object. Why, my friends, that is the very basis of my hope for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, that by the grace of God, you have so much to do. If I have something to be accomplished which requires to be done by a given time, to whom do I go? To the man that has all his time to himself? The man that has all his time to himself has never time for anything. I go to the business man, whose memoranda book is so full of engagements that he has scarcely room for an entry, who can hardly afford to see you, he is so occupied, and if I can but gain his attention for a moment and have him take hold of the matter, it will be

sure to be ground out in the noble machine of his mind, perfectly, and in season. The man who is fully occupied is the man to fit in some new engagement, and be sure to have it done. And so with the demands on Christian effort. The church and the community that is doing most for Christ, that has the greatest number of demands upon it, is the one to do most in a new enterprise that appeals to Christian principle. I bless God for every good work. There is room for all. (Applause.)

And now, one thought for you to carry home to-night. Two generations ago, there was a down-trodden class among us, and there were many men speaking in their behalf. But one of the most efficient arguments was the picture of a man, kneeling, and holding up his shackled hands, saying, "am I not a man and a brother?" We laughed at it sometimes, but, ah! friend, it had a wonderful power. Now carry another picture, and another thought home with you in regard to the sailor. Eighteen hundred years ago, a few fishermen in a boat, tossed in a terrible storm on the lake, looked up to one who was in their midst, just awaking from his God-like slumbers, and they said, "Carest thou not that we perish?" He did care, and he saved them. The Church, strong, and powerful, and educated, stands in the place of Jesus Christ, for he has delegated to it his work to be done. The poor sailor sends up his cry, tossed amid the storms of temptation, and he cries, "Carest thou not, oh Church of Christ, that I perish?" Answer in your hearts, *do you care?* Answer it, when the opportunity comes to contribute, *how much do you care?* (Applause.)

ADDRESS BY REV. H. M. GALLAHER,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The President next introduced Rev. H. M. GALLAHER, of Brooklyn, who said:

I am very glad, ladies and gentlemen, to inform you that the friends who have preceded me, have taken away nearly all I have had to say. So, therefore, if I speak but a moment or two, you will know that what I leave unsaid has been said much better than I could say it.

I do not quite agree with my friend who spoke first, that the sailor is not different from other men. I have always regarded the sailor as very peculiar. Dr. Hopper may find them to be as other men, but I never thought so. I look at them as men who do, not as I ever did, go out day after day, with their lives in their hands; and the words of the old couplet comes up that I used to sing when a boy, before they made a preacher of me and stopped my singing, for they will not let me sing this fine old refrain now:

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who sit at home at ease,
Oh! little do you know
Of the danger of the seas."

(Applause.)

But the sailor gets used to this danger, and seems to enjoy it. I said to the second mate, "If you ever get to New York, you will never go to sea again?" "What!" said he, "not go to sea with such a plank under me as this!" I made a resolution then, and I kept it for a little time, that if ever I set foot on New York, you would not see me out of sight of land again on blue water. (Laughter.)

The sailor's deprivation of the society of women has been spoken of. I remember once, at a public dinner, being assigned to respond to the toast of "Woman," one that I am always happy to speak to. Well, I had the sentiment written on a piece of paper; for, though ministers and actors are supposed to be always ready to speak on any and every subject, that is a fallacy; they usually get a week's notice of what they are to speak about, are fully prepared; and when they come on the platform and say they "have been unexpectedly called on," and "have not a word to say," that is to be received with a large grain of allowance; there is a good deal of pretence about it. (Laughter.) The truth is, we are just as bad as women in that respect. (Laughter.) Well, I had the sentiment nicely written: "Woman:—without her, man is a brute." Imagine my astonishment when the President said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Rev. Mr. Gallaher will respond to the next sentiment: "Woman without her man, is a brute!" (Laughter.) Well, sir, I don't know but it is true both ways—six to one, and half a dozen of the other, but (Laughter) I must pass on without discussing this point.

I have always thought, too, that there were two classes of men in this world who remained all their lives great big boys—I mean these two classes—ministers and sailors. (Laughter). Ministers and sailors certainly do not know how to take care of themselves. I *know* that to be true about ministers, and I believe it to be true about sailors. What said the witty King CHARLES II? One may repeat it. "Sailors, My Lord," he said, "are men that make their money like horses, and who spend it like asses." (Laughter.) More true than delicate. So my wife tells me that ministers never get over being great big boys. (Laughter.)

You have just heard eloquently stated, the things that work against the sailor; his homelessness; the absence of church, of wife, of public opinion. Then the very best qualities, his liberality and open heart, his frank nature, work against him in the circumstances in which he is placed. And think of the captain's brutality, often. Why, I have read such accounts as made my blood run cold. You see you must make this rule; you must make your captain your king, on ship-board. It would not be safe any other way. But there are some men that are not fit to be trusted with power, who are not fit to be kings or any thing else. I bless God that there are many kind and good captains, like the one spoken of as being with us to-night, who treat their sailors like men. My heart warms to such. (Applause.)

Now, without going into details, you are to have a collection in this Hall to-night. That collection is to be taken out of your pockets. You are to help this cause. Doubtless, there are other causes that appeal to you, equally deserving; and I was glad to hear my brother put it to you in that way—that there is room for all; though I differ a little from him as to the Christianity of some of our broad and well-built streets. Ah! men before me, we need Missionaries in Fifth Avenue as much as we need them in Water street. (Applause.) You need to speak to the gilded scoundrel, the villians in broad-cloth, words to show them that their sin is equally black in God's sight; and some day you shall have a "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Rich." (Laughter.)

Well, you are to assist this object, first, by your prayers. But, my friends, no prayer ever amounts to anything that is not backed up by *effort*. So you must give with your prayers, either your personal exertions or your means. In a word, you must *work* for that for which you *pray*. (Applause.) We have lately had an instance of heroism in behalf of the sailor, that, if it happened among the classics, would have been written about, and blazoned to the stars. But it happened here. *George*, sixth earl of Aberdeen, sailed from Boston, a hand before the mast, that he might come to understand the life, the sufferings, and the need of the sailor! and he perished in the work. (Applause.) Of course you will not do that. Such heroes are not born once in a thousand years. To go forth among them yourself, bringing God's message of love and pardon, and your own sympathy and helpfulness, is one way to raise the sailor. Not all can do that. But there is another way in which you can help every good cause. That way is before you to-night. Put your money on the collection plate. To some God gives riches, and to some He gives nothing else. (Laughter.) That is their talent; and I put it to them that they use that talent, or, after the old law, God will take even that from them. So that you can use that thing, and use it well. We want your prayers, and your personal exertions, or your money. And I always think that that prayer is a very worthless prayer that does not lead you to back it up by your means. Little will come out of it. (Applause.) When I was at school, I was told that I must do some manual labor, or else, my body would suffer and grow weak, so that I might never get over it. They recommended me to saw wood. I declined. There were enough Irishmen sawing wood already, (laughter), and I did not propose to hew wood or draw water for any one but myself. Well, I got a piece of garden and cultivated it. Now a garden is to a man, what his ship is to a sailor, his horse to the soldier; you get to love it. It is like a second wife—you pet and fondle it. (Laughter and applause.) Yes, you do! And one law of our nature is, that the more you do for anything, the more you love it. I shall love the sailor more all my life for the few words I speak here to-night; I will feel as if I had a peg to hang my hat on in their building.

(Laughter.) Well, I laid out my garden with all the dignity of a skilled gardener. I was going to show the world something. I put in my flower seeds, planted my vegetables, and was rewarded by seeing everything come up finely, parsnips, turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, and flowers in abundance. But there was one row that disappointed me sorely. In the evening I watered, in the morning I hoed that row; I walked around it and watched it day after day, wondering what was the matter. I kept at it for weeks, without any perceptible effect; when, one morning, as I got to the end of the row, I turned up a paper of seeds that I had forgotten to put in the ground. (Laughter and applause). That explained the mystery. Now as with that row, where all my watering and all my hoeing could not make seeds come up that were not planted,—so remember that in this good cause, all your praying, all your thinking, all your wishing, will be of little use, unless you put something in to help. (Applause.) And the cause deserves it. It needs help. Why, look at the best of heroes the sea has produced—men generous, brave, loyal, true, full of self-devotion and courage, I have a right to speak for a class to which my own country has furnished so large a number. I am proud of MacDonough, who swept the cross of St. George from your lakes,—of Decatur, who humbled the Dey of Algiers,—of Barry, the first American Commodore. Why, the very ship in which Columbus sailed, the *Santa Marie*, had an Irishman on board,—and the *May Flower*, that great boast of New England, was steered by a son of the Green Isle. (Applause and laughter.)

When coming across in the propeller, there was, of course, a Yankee on board—one of these creatures that is forever running his inquisitive nose into every thing. (Laughter). We often surmised as to that peculiar noise which the screw makes, when in motion—what it says. One day our Yankee friend came up from the bowels of the ship, all begrimed, and shouted, “I have it! I have it!” What! What! we all said. “Why, what the screw says.” “What is it?” we asked. “Put her through, sir!” (Laughter.) So I say to you to-night, when the collection is made, “Put it through.” See to it. There should be a generous donation. When Nelson was sailing into the great battle in which he lost his life, COLLINGWOOD, who was in command above him, signalled to retire. “Do you see the signal?” said one of the officers to Nelson. Nelson took the glass, and lifting it to his sightless eye, lost at Abakar, replied, “I do not see it. Sail in!” (Applause). And sail in he did, and won the battle. After they had fought that splendid fight, as he lay dying he called Captain Hardy, and said, “Hardy, how many sail have we?” “Twenty, sir.” “Stoop down, Hardy,” said that great man,—“Stoop down, Hardy! I want you to kiss me, Hardy! Thank God! I have done my duty!” FRIENDS, DO YOUR DUTY. Good night! (Loud applause).

ADDRESS BY REV. N. H. SCHENCK, D. D.,

Of St. Ann's Church, on the Heights, Brooklyn.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I have been guilty of many indiscretions in my life, but I shall not add to them by making a speech at this hour of the evening; I have only come forward to make what I suppose will be the most agreeable speech possible to be made just now, and that is a word of "benediction"—not exactly in the formal expression, but, rather, a word of benediction on this noble cause. I had intended, if time and opportunity had suffered, to have said something to you to-night, upon the great theme that has drawn this audience together upon this anniversary occasion. But, I think, that if ever a meeting was symmetrically rounded, and brought to a happy conclusion, it is this. It seems almost out of place to add anything more.

I have only to say, in conclusion, that there is one aspect of this great work which every man and woman, who is interested in the sailor, as well as those who are not yet interested in him, should fully appreciate, and that is that the mission to seamen is *a new and necessary aspect of the great work of evangelizing the world*. If you are satisfied with the present condition of Christian Missions, as we have them spread out before us in the work of the Christian Church, you are much more easily reconciled to a condition of chronic inertness and apathy than is your speaker. I must feel, for it is the result of much thought, and a wide range of observation, that, unless the christian world address itself to a re-organized adaptation of the means of Gospel grace to the conversion of the world, we shall live to grow gray, and our children and grandchildren go to their graves, and the cause of Christ be no farther advanced among the populations than it was fifty years ago. The time has come in this great epoch of transition,—the time has come in the great era of revolution, when we are over-turning the very foundations of the social and political world,—the time has come when christian men must look at the work of saving souls from a different point of observation from that which they have occupied before; and I believe, to-day, *that specific Missions,—Missions associated with man's business necessities, with man's social wants, are the only Missions that will bring in the Kingdom of Christ*. Therefore, I believe that a Mission to seamen, that adapts itself to his condition, to his peculiar sympathies, that undertakes to meet his special wants, is a Mission such as will tell, not only in that department of the great work, but such as will tell in all directions; and I have said more than once, (and it has not been reserved for me to say for the first time to-night, when the existing circumstances might call it forth), that the Colonization Society and specific missions for Seaman, I regard as the most hopeful signs to the Church of the world's conversion to Christ, that we have anywhere spread out before the eye of christian observation. I therefore, come here to-night with my heart in the warmest possible sympathy with this great society. It was well said that when you have converted a sailor to Christ, you have made a missionary. Truly it is a "sowing beside all waters."

Whatever seas are ploughed by the keels of commerce, whatever harbors are whitened by the sails of enterprise, there goes the Bethel, there goes the christianized seaman, and there goes the Gospel seed to be planted in distant lands; there is the bread that is cast upon the waters, that the faithful child of God shall see after many days. Not only this, but that individual seamen, by the very condition of his education as a moral man, by the very circumstances of his life, by all the conditions of his being which have existed, becomes, not a professional missionary, not one that is sent forth by a society, but a man that goes with the Gospel in his hand to others, *as the free gift of his own loving, sympathetic heart.* (Applause.) I therefore regard what money you give to this mission, as invested at the very highest rate of Gospel interest. I believe that one dollar that is given to such a society as this, is better than one hundred dollars to a society which only contemplates the aggregate work of converting the world. Let me carry it where, (according to the idea of our good old bishop Chase, who was so successful in planting the church upon the prairies,) it will call up energies that are sympathetic with those elements that are to be brought over; where it will grow according to the great mysterious law of elective affinity, and solace in the sweet communion of Christ-loving souls.

There was a time when our blessed Master left the thickly crowded strand and took his position on the deck of a ship floating near the shoer, and from there, addressing the people on the natural ampitheatre where they stood, he lifted up his voice and preached the words of everlasting life. Christ left the land and took to the sea, to preach the Gospel. It looks a little thing; and yet sometimes I think it significant of the day that is coming, when men shall leave the land and take to the sea with the Gospel. Then shall we realize those wonderful words that declare the "abundance of the sea;" not only in the multiplied forms of life; not only in its great utility, as subsidized for commercial purposes, aggrandizing the wealth of the world; but when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God. I mean not only those ships which, like floating villages, go sailing across the main; I mean not only those hundreds of thousands that are ever resting on the wide waters; but I mean when deep shall answer unto deep, and the sound of the Gospel shall go surging from shore to shore, from sea to sea; in that great day when the glad shout of a cordon of gospel outposts shall give answer one to another, not only as light-houses along the shore, but as floating gospel light-houses, freighted with the truth, every vessel a temple, and every soul that sails the sea charged with the spirit not only of the civilization, but of the gospel of the land from whose port he went out. (Applause.)

I pray God that the work which this Society has undertaken may be fruitful; and to this end let us pray as the prayer of one man that the spirit of Him who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand, who said to the turbulent waters, "Peace, be still!"; He at whose voice the waves arise, and at whose command they are stilled again, and the winds sent flying back to their caverns,—that He will get glory to Himself and extend the interests, and culminate the honor of His church on earth!

The Good Pilot ; or Jesus all in all.

BY. R. P. S.

Some years since, on a stormy night upon the New Jersey coast, Mr. Holmes, of the lifeboat station, was awakened from his sleep by the low, heavy sound of a cannon booming over the angry waves. As he listened, he found that the sounds came at regular intervals of a minute, and his practiced ear directly understood the warning notice of distress indicated by "The Minute Gun at Sea."

Rousing from his rest, he quickly manned and launched his lifeboat. In the darkness he could only determine the direction of the vessel in distress by his ear; and as he listened, he guided his boat nearer and nearer, till at last a flash of lightning revealed a vessel stranded on an outer bar. Escape for the passengers was impossible. As well might they plunge into the wide ocean as into that angry sea; and the waves, as they rolled in, broke over the vessel with a force that would soon rend it into pieces. The lurid lightning only showed to the panic-stricken passengers the hopelessness of escape.

While they were thus giving themselves up to despair, the brave pilot was approaching still more and more closely, though undiscovered by them. The waves beat so high, that in vain he tried to board the vessel on the windward side, and he came under her lee; but so rapidly was his lifeboat driven, that here, too, the hope of boarding was vain. His bold heart and clear head, however, in a moment devised an expedient. As he passed under the vessel he seized a rope hanging from a yard-arm—he raised himself by it: his boat was swept from under him, and he swung himself on the wreck, to share the fate of the passengers and crew. He called them to him, and told them that *if they would trust him*, he could wear the ship off the bar, and carry them safe to land. Astonished by his heroism and self-sacrifice, officers, crew, and passengers, by common

consent, gave everything into his hands, and *every soul on board was saved*. When they had all safely reached the beach, they brought to their brave pilot their precious things, and besought him to accept all they had, for to him alone they owed their lives, their all. He had placed himself in their sinking wreck, and saved them from a watery grave. He declined their gifts, and went back to his post of danger, ready again to save those who might need his skill and daring.

Reader, to the best of my recollection, this is a true narrative of what occurred on a part of the Atlantic coast which I recently left. Does it not bring to your mind the sweet story of grace—the story of One who left the glory of His father's home, to take His place among the ruined and dying, and not to subject Himself to their death only, but to hang upon the cross, a curse for sinful man? Does not His voice call upon *you* to trust in Him—showing you how vain it is to attempt, in any other than the way He has provided, to escape the flood that God will bring upon the ungodly?

"Come to Jesus, come and welcome;

Lay your worthless efforts by;

Find in Him complete salvation,

By Himself alone brought nigh;

Worthless sinner,

Look to Jesus Christ and live."

Learn God's great lesson, "MAN'S RUIN AND GOD'S REMEDY," and put your trust in One mighty and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Poor human nature is but a shattered bark, wrecked already, and the waves of divine wrath even now are threatening to engulf you. Escape is hopeless. And now Jesus Christ, who alone knows the depth of man's ruin and need, who alone can save, cries, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and *there is none else*." Will you look, and look now? Ah, how readily men trust their fellow-men. but how slow are they to trust Christ! The evil heart of man would rather

brave the stormy tide than resign himself into the hands of the good Pilot!

And notice, dear reader, if you are a Christian, yet one other thing. The brave pilot made no bargain with the wrecked mariners. All he asked was for then *to trust him*. He did not first demand their valuables, and refuse to save them unless they would bestow them all upon him. He saved them freely, and *then* their hearts were opened to pour out all they had to their deliverer. Yet how often the gospel of God's grace is mistaken, as though God demanded from the poor sinner some great works before He will listen to his cry for mercy. But, ah, no; God's way is very different. He saves us freely, and thus wins our hearts; so that as we contemplate His mighty love, we feel that nothing is too near or too dear to pour out for "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever."

An Anchor to the Soul.

In a gale off the coast, a vessel was drifting ashore. Her anchors were gone, and she refused to obey the helm. A few moments more, and she would strike. If any were saved, they must be tossed by the waves on the beach. In the midst of the general consternation that prevailed, there was one man calm. He had done all that man could do to prepare for the worst when the wreck was inevitable; and now that death was apparently near, he was quietly waiting the event. A friend of his demanded the occasion of his calmness in the midst of danger so imminent. "Do you know that the anchor is gone, and we are drifting upon the coast?"

"Certainly I do, but *I have an anchor to the soul.*"

On this was his trust. It entered into that within the veil. It was the ground of his confidence in the storm, and enabled him to ride se-

curely, in view of instant and awful death.

This anchor all should have. Life is a sea. It is often stormy. The soul needs an anchor in the hour of danger. Reader, have you the anchor of Hope? Can you say "Christ is mine—I am His?"

Seen by God.

One day, the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun; and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the range of the great telescope the top of a great hill about seven miles away. On the top of that hill there were a large number of apple-trees; and in one of them were *two boys stealing apples*. One was getting the apples; and the other was watching, to make certain that nobody saw them, and seeming to feel sure that they were undiscovered. But there sat Prof. Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with us. Because we do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, we live as though we were not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon us, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought, which is not known to God. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science has constructed for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which he has made the resting-place of his feet? "Thou, God, seest me."—*S. Messenger.*

Tame Codfish.

Mr. Buckland, in a recent number of *Land and Water*, gives an interesting account of a visit paid by him to a pond containing tame codfish at Port Logan, Wigtonshire. The property in question belongs to a gentle-

man by the name of M'Dougall, and consists of an amphitheatre about one hundred feet in diameter hollowed out of the solid rock by the sea. All egress from this is prevented by a barrier of loose stones, through which water passes freely. On approaching the shore of the pond many codfish of great size were seen; and when a servant-woman who had charge of the fish approached with some mussels, the surface of the water was perfectly alive with the struggling fish. They came close to the edge, and after a little while permitted Mr. Buckland to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Among other experiments tried by him was that of holding a mussel in his hand, and allowing the fish to swallow his hand in the effort to obtain the mussel. These fish furnish to the proprietor an ample supply of excellent food, the flavor being considered much superior to that of the cod taken in the open sea. Whenever needed for the table a selection can readily be made from the most promising of those at hand, and the fish secured without any difficulty.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, referring to this account of the Codfish at Port Logan, remarks that when he visited the pond, fifty years ago, there was a blind codfish in the pool, which the woman who had the pond in charge used to feed with limpets taken from the rock. When this fish came to the surface with the others she caught it in her fingers, sat down with it upon a stool, having a pail of the limpets, shelled, in her lap, with which she fed it out of an iron spoon, the fish seeming to enjoy it very much. After feeding she returned it to the pond. The writer avers this to be a fact, although he evidently scarcely expects it to be believed.—SCIENTIFIC RECORD, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Arctic Expedition.

Captain Hall, whose expedition to the North Pole was fostered by the last Congress, is now engaged in fitting out his ship called the *Peri-*

winkle, at Washington. He expects to sail during next month. The vessel is about 400 tons, 138 feet in length, 28 in breadth, and 13 in depth of hold, and will be rigged as a top-sail schooner. There are two thicknesses of 3-inch white-oak planking on her, so arranged as to secure the greatest amount of strength. The frame is solid about four feet below the load line. The bows will be sheathed with iron a distance of forty feet as a further protection against the ice, and she has a hoisting propeller for use in working through floating ice. It was originally intended to line her with cork, but this plan has been abandoned. Her engines are made in the strongest possible manner for the rough service for which she is intended, and one of her boilers, it is stated, is to be so constructed that blubber can be used in it for fuel.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Commerce Aided by Missions.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

"A small thing in itself often places the missionary work in vivid light before us. This week we met Rev. Mr. Snow, of the Micronesian Mission, now in this city, attending to the printing of his translation of the Gospel of Matthew and Luke into a dialect and language known to no other white persons than himself and wife. It was but a few years ago he went to live among savages, with no written language. He caught and fixed their sounds in an alphabet; made a literature; taught the people how to live; preached Jesus; converted and civilized them; organized a church; and is now here with a "Church Manual" in hand, containing confession and covenant, catalogue of members, covering several pages, and the Epistles and of John, to see through the press other and larger portions of the Bible. All this in one short score of years. Who shall say that Protestant or Evangelical Christianity is a failure?"

The history of the mission alluded to, in the above extract from the

Independant, of January 12th, forms a most excellent illustration of the aid conferred upon commerce by missions to heathen and savage nations. As I am thoroughly acquainted with many of the facts relating to the Rev. Mr. Snow's mission to Strong's Island, I will furnish a few historical incidents that I think may be interesting to the readers of the *MAGAZINE*.

This island is known by various names—*Strong's Island*, *Ualan*, and *Kusaie*. It was discovered in 1804, by Capt. Crozer, commanding an American vessel, and named Strong's Island, after Governor Strong of Massachusetts. There are two islands, the larger called *Ualan*, and the smaller *Lila*. The proper native name is *Kusaie*, and by this name it is known in the *Missionary Herald*," and Reports of the American Board.

Kusaie is a beautiful island, situated, about 2,000 miles S. W. from Honolulu, among the Caroline or Micronesian islands. It is one of the four or five high islands of Micronesia, being volcanic in its origin, while surrounded by hundreds of low and coral islands, although its nearest neighbor is 200 or 300 miles distant. The island is 24 miles in circumference, and about 2,000 feet above the sea, densely wooded from the water's edge to the summits of the mountains. The inhabitants live near the sea-shore, and principally around its two harbors, one on the windward and the other on the leeward side of the island. It was not far from the latter harbor that the "*Morning Star*" was wrecked.

I am able to write with confidence respecting this charming little island, because, I visited it, a passen-

ger on board the first "*Morning Star*" during the summer of 1861, while the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Snow, were missionaries on the island.

By refering to notes made at the time, and my intercourse with ship masters, who visited the island, previously to the settlement of missionaries, I am able to state the following facts, respecting vessels and crews which have been cut off there. In 1835, the master and crew of the Brig, "*Waverly*," were all massacred and vessel burnt. In 1836, the master and 13 of the crew of Schooner, "*Honduras*" were all killed and the vessel destroyed; and in 1841, Capt. Bunker and all the crew of the English whale ship "*Harriot*," were killed and the vessel burnt. It is known that some evil disposed white men from Sydney had wandered away to this island and influenced the natives to perpetrate this series of murders.

From 1842 to 1852, or prior to the establishment of the mission there, I was accustomed to converse with the captains and seamen about the island and its inhabitants. By referring to a file of "*The Friend*," I learn that much was learned respecting the island, from ship-masters. I remember one, in particular, Capt. Jackson, of the whale ship "*Inez*." He urged the establishment of a mission on Strong's island, and reported that old King George, was very anxious for missionaries to be sent among his subjects.

In 1852, the mission was commenced, by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Snow. They labored there ten years and succeeded in reducing the language to a written form. Many of the people learned to read and write, and a few were gathered into

a Christian church. In 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, were removed to the Mardeall islands, and were located on *Ebon*. The good work which had been commenced by the missionaries, was carried successfully forward by the native converts. One of their own people, a son of old King George, is now pastor of the church. Perhaps, on no island of the Pacific, has there been a more thorough work of divine grace, than upon Strong's Island. About 150 are now members of the church, out of a population of less than one thousand.

There is now no more safe or convenient island, for recruiting ships, in the Pacific ocean. Recently, news has come to Honolulu, that the crew of a wrecked English vessel have been carefully provided for, by the present King of the island.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

"The Sea is His, and He Made it."

When Xerxes ordered the Hellespont to be scourged and a sett of fetters cast into its blue waves because they had dared destroy the bridge he had built;

When Canute, King of England commanded his chair to be placed near the in-coming tide of ocean, and sought to stop the onward march of her mighty waters;

When Bilboa, wading up to his waist, clad in complete armor, took possession of the Pacific Ocean in the name of his sovereign; when England's poet boasts of "Britain ruling the wave"—we see manifestations of the same arrogant spirit that has prompted man in all ages to lay his hand on "Ocean's mane

and play familiarly with her hoary locks."

"The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creators the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war.
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, ah! near
Alike Armada's pride or Spoils of Trafalgar."

As the lion shakes from his mane the dew-drops of morning, so does Ocean spurn the sovereignty of man. How grandly does the roar of her wild waves send up their jubilant Amen to the words of the inspired Psalmist.

In the mighty sweep of her waters stretching through every clime, washing every shore—"without a mark, without a bound, running the earth's wide regions round" what an impressive mirror of Him who fills immensity with His dread presence! Does not the Almighty's form flash forth in the foam of her wild waves that shivers the "three-decker's oaken spine." The silent unfathomed depths where she buries the proudest triumphs of man's genius and power, do they not shadow forth Him whose "judgments are a great deep."

"Lord, I Venture."

The following lines, sent to us by a valued friend, were written at sea, on the Mediterranean, near Malta—Jan. 6th, 1823, by Rev. Dr. Jonas King,—on his first going as a missionary to the East.

"Tossing, rolling on the ocean, when the winds
and waves are high,
I'll not fear their wild commotion, Jesus
Christ my Lord is nigh.
At his bidding, 'twas I ventured to come down
into the sea,
He will bring me to the haven, where my
spirit longs to be.
Earth is troubled like the ocean; man is
tossed from wave to wave.
Finds no calm, no place of resting, till he finds
it in the grave.
At Thy bidding, Lord I venture upon death's
dark, boisterous sea,
Thou wilt bring me to the haven, where my
spirit longs to be."

Gloucester, Mass.

The town of Gloucester has been peculiarly afflicted this year. Since the first of January nearly *one hundred* men, in the full vigor and prime of life, have been lost at sea, leaving entirely destitute over thirty widows and sixty children. This great calamity is only one of many similar that have visited this noted seaport. This community is full of bereaved widows and fatherless children, caused by the terrible disasters of this year and of those that have occurred nearly every season. The merchants and business men of Gloucester have given most liberally to the aid of these afflicted ones, and founded a benevolent society of great excellence and efficiency for their relief, which has been in operation several years; but such is the great extent of the present needs by the terrible calamity of this year, that all their efforts fail to meet the pressing demands of the occasion. Efforts are now making in Gloucester to erect tenement houses, to be built by stockholders and by gifts, for the accommodation of these poor families.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

Rev. Mr. RYDING gives the following interesting case of a poor cripple, of whom he says, "both his feet are turned inside; the toes are set where the heels should be, and the hands are also turned the wrong way. Nor can he speak very well, and his senses are very poor. But although he is so miserable, and can neither read nor write, yet he could show that he was in the service of the devil. He was very violent, swore very bad, and was very disorderly. He lived by alms, and one day chanced to

come for this to our preaching services, to the wonder of all who saw him. Here the truth reached him, and when after some time he revealed his feelings, I saw that the Lord had wrought a gracious work in this poor man's heart, and what I have since heard of him is indeed very pleasing. The Spirit has plainly taken possession and governs within him. He is very humble and very silent, and when he tries to speak, it is with reverence for God and His word. But his eyes tell what the mouth cannot pronounce. They sparkle like sunbeams, and his face becomes like the face of an angel, and so it is undoubtedly true that Jesus is lodged in the miserable dust, for He always takes rooms where the door is opened for him, and there He administers."—Rev. 3, 20.

The Ship James Shepherd and the Church of the Sea and Land.

Captain FREDK. JEAN and the officers and crew of the ship *James Shepherd* of London, eighteen or twenty in number, came marching into the lecture-room of the CHURCH OF THE SEA AND LAND a few evenings ago, (Tuesday May 2d,) and not many hours after their arrival at this port, to attend religious worship. Had it been on a Sunday and but a part of the crew, it would not have appeared unusual. The Capt. had evidently said: "COME," not "go" but "COME LET US GO TO CHURCH," and *led the way*. On Thursday evening also they were at the prayer-meeting notwithstanding the rain. They came clad in their oil-skins. On Sabbath-day they were all out at service, morning and evening. Expecting to sail in a day or two, the crew had prepared a paper

expressive of their thanks for kind attentions from the church, signed by eighteen of their number, and adding opposite their respective names, a handsome subscription as a thank-offering to help the church, the Captain having previously sent a donation to the same end. The paper was read at the close of the Tuesday evening lecture. The next evening, the Church and the Ship joined in worship on board the ship in her slip at the foot of Dover street. The large cabin was filled, parts of other crews in the neighborhood, coming in, and a kind of farewell meeting was held, as the *James Shepherd* was to sail next day. Dr. Hopper read a passage of scripture selected by the captain, and members of the church and crew joined in prayers and addresses and stirring hymns, the voices of ladies mingling, for there were ladies on board. Altogether it was a most pleasant and stirring service. Mutual promises were made between ship and church to remember each other at the throne of grace, and after singing "Old Hundred" they parted.

But scarcely had "Old Hundred" died away in the cabin, before "Nearer my God to Thee" was ringing in the forecastle, and another good time was had down there.

Capt. Jean remarked that this city of New York he thought must contain the extremes of good and bad. Two dead bodies had been found in the water at his ship's bows during the ten days she had been lying at the dock, and two others but a little way off. What a contrast between such facts, and the meeting on his ship that night!

One of the crew who piloted the party from the church reading-room

to the ship, said on his way, that it made him tremble to think what a sinner he had been. He is now an humble and earnest christian, and with a shipmate made a public profession of religion before sailing. He also said that "sailors are treated better in New York than in any other port in the world I ever was in." His tongue ran continually with thanks and praise to God.

After the ship sailed, the captain sent back a letter to the pastor from Sandy Hook, again expressing his thanks and enclosing all his loose United States bills and currency in aid of the good cause.

Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and thirty-two arrivals during the month of April. These deposited with him \$1,876, of which \$395 were placed in the Savings Bank, and \$790 sent to relatives and friends. Several shipwrecked and destitute were relieved, and fifteen sent to sea without advance.

Position of the Principal Planets for June, 1871.

MERCURY is a morning star in Taurus during most of the month. On the morning of the 10th, it rises 1h. 7m. before the sun and 10° South of it, and on the same day at 44m. past noon it is at its greatest elongation being 23° 34' West. On the morning of the 13th it is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 15th, at 7h. 47m., being 20' South, at which time there is an occultation of this planet by the moon, but not visible at this place as it is then below the horizon.

VENUS is a very bright evening star throughout the month, setting about 3h. after the sun; is in con-

junction with the moon on the evening of the 21st, at 7h. 3m. being 1° 43' South.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 17th due West at 20m. past midnight; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 25th, at 2h. 13m. being 5° 36' South; is in quadrature with the sun to the West on the morning of the 26th, at 7h. 49m.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 11th, an hour after the sun, and 20° North of it; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 18th, at 4h. 24m., being 29' South; is in conjunction with the sun on the 30th, at 28m. before noon.

SATURN is a morning star; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 4th, at 6h. 44m., being 1° 28' North; is in opposition with the sun on the afternoon of the 28th at 2h. 44m., at which time it is at its greatest brilliancy in its appearance in the heavens. R. H. B.

N. Y. UNIVERSITY.

Total Disasters in April, 1871.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from, ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 27, of which 8 were wrecked, 6 abandoned, 2 burned, 2 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 5 are missing. They are classed as follows: 3 ships, 5 barks, 2 brigs and 17 schooners, and their total estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$523,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence sailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *sc* sunk by collision *f* foundered and *m* missing.

SHIPS.

Chatsworth, *m*, from Greenock for Pensacola.
Royal Arthur, *w*, from San Francisco for Liverpool.
Blaudina Dudley, *f*, from London for Boston.

BARKS.

Hellespont, *w*, from Buenos Ayres for New York.
Sunbeam, *w*, (At Rangoon.)
Bella Donna, *f*, from Baltimore for Londonderry.
Wavelet, *w*, from Portland for Cardenas.
Merrimac, **sc.*, from Rosario for Boston.

BRIGS.

Wm. Muir, *w*, from Porto Rico for Baltimore.
H. E. Eaton, *a*, from Middleboro' for Baltimore.

SCHOONERS

Anne Harper, *a*, from Brasher City for New York.
Gen'l Warren, *b*, from Rockland for New York.
L. H. Gibson, *sc.*, from Liverpool for Boston.
Maria J. Moore, *a*, from Porto Plate for Boston.
Agnes Ann, *w*, Georgetown, D. C.
Prudence, *b*, (at New York.)

J. H. Roscoe, *w*, from San Francisco for Alaska.
Nellie Staples, *a*, from Providencetown for Eastport.

Eliza, *a*, from Cow Bay for Boston.

S. C. Loud, *a*, from Roundout for Boston.

Sarah, *f*, from Mobile for Havanah.

A. F. Lindberg, *m*, (Fisherman.)

Seaman's Pride, *m*, (Fisherman.)

Wm. Murray, *m*, (Fisherman.)

B. K. Hough, *m*, (Fisherman.)

M. Crockard, *f*, from Coos Bay for Tahiti.

Suliste, *w*, from Baltimore for Portsmouth.

* Supposed.

Receipts for April, 1871.

MAINE.

South Berwick, Cong. church\$28 35

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, So. church and Society..... 32 85

West Moreland Depot, Mrs. Chas. F.

Brooks..... 1 50

VERMONT.

Bennington Center, 1st Cong. church... 19 07

Benson, Cong. church..... 7 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 1st church..... 42 00

Boston, Capt. Joseph Crouse..... 3 00

H. Atwood and crew, ship *Tennyson*. 11 00

Schooner *Samuel Ober*..... 00 50

Chicopee, 2d church, balance to const.

James E. Taylor, L. M..... 24 35

Danvers, Maple St. church, of which

\$50 for lib'y..... 68 55

Dedham, Allen Evangelical church..... 67 46

Dracutt, West Cong. Soc., of wh. \$15

for lib'y..... 25 64

Florence, legacy of Mrs. Roxanna Thur-

ston, per Anson Clark.....192 71

Foxboro', Cong. church and Soc..... 43 64

Framingham, a thank offering, to const.

Capt. Chas. Williams, L. M..... 30 00

Franklin, Cong. church..... 33 66

South church..... 2 12

Gardner, Cong. Soc., for lib'y..... 15 00

Ipswich, Mrs. Pierson..... 21 00

Longmeadow, Gents Benevolent Soc..... 27 35

Ladies' do..... 31 60

Miss Demand Collins' S. S. class, for

lib'y..... 15 00

Lowell, Jacob Rogers, for lib'y..... 15 00

Lunenburg, Cong. Soc..... 21 00

Monson..... 45 60

North Amherst, of wh. \$15 for lib'y..... 64 55

North Bridgewater, 1st Cong. church... 35 00

North Brookfield, Cong. Soc..... 50 00

Oakham, Cong. Soc..... 15 00

Peabody, H. Proctor, for lib'y..... 20 00

Roxbury, Rev. P. C. Headley, for lib'y. 15 00

South Hadley Falls, Rev. Mr. Knight's

class..... 61 50

South Sudbury, Cong. church, of which

\$15 for lib'y..... 40 00

Spencer, Cong. Soc..... 59 06

Springfield, Cavalry Cong. church S. S.

for lib'y..... 27 17

Stockbridge, Emerson H. Brush..... 1 00

Warren, Cong. Soc..... 38 00

Westford, Cong. Soc..... 6 25

West Hampton, Cong. church..... 25 00

Whitinsville, of wh. \$15 for lib'y, and

to const. Rev. J. O. Thurston & Mrs.

J. O. Thurston, L. M's.....481 18

Wrentham, Cong. Soc..... 35 10

Wilbraham, do..... 10 73

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Richmond St. church, add'l 4 38

CONNECTICUT.

Deep River, Cong. church.....	17 00
Bapt. church.....	20 00
East Bridgewater, Cong. church.....	21 56
East Hartford, S. S. Cong. ch. for lib'y's.....	160 00
Fairfield, Eliza J. Brown.....	5 00
Greenwich, Oliver Mead.....	10 00
Haddam, Cong. church.....	20 78
Higganum, Mrs. E. S. Brainerd.....	2 00
Lisbon, Cong. church.....	2 00
Lyme, Cong. church.....	12 18
Old Saybrook, Cong. church.....	39 53
Plainville, of wh. \$30 to const. Mr. A. N. Clarke, L. M.....	56 00
Southbury, C. G. Bostwick, (a thank offering).....	5 00
Stamford, Cong. church.....	70 00
Stratford, Mrs. Laurana North.....	10 00
Gen. G. Loomis, U. S. A.....	1 00
Suffield, 1st Cong. church, of which \$30 to const. Oliver S. Kellogg, L. M.....	37 30
West Hartford, S. S. Cong. church.....	12 10
Westport, Saugatuck Cong. church.....	25 00
Woodbridge, Cong. church.....	13 10

NEW YORK.

Albany, Mrs. David Dyer.....	1 25
Bergen, Pres. church.....	16 36
Meth. Epis. church.....	72
Stone church.....	4 23
Brooklyn, S. S. 3rd Pres. church.....	44 41
Buffalo, Westminster, Pres. church, S. Clement, to const. S. Clement, jr., L. M. \$30.....	40 00
Canajoharie, Ref. church.....	21 15
Lutheran church.....	13 15
Chittenango, Reformed church.....	5 08
Clinton, Rev. Wm. Mc Harg.....	5 00
Covert, Bapt. church S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Fulton, Pres. church.....	43 81
Holly, Meth. Epis. church.....	1 70
Hudson, of which J. T. Simpson and Smith Thompson, ea. \$20 for lib'y s, and const. Rev. J. M'cHolmes, L. M.....	93 20
Ithaca, Joseph Esty.....	25 00
Jamestown, Pres. church.....	14 00
Knowlesville, Pres. church, to const. Miss Carrie L. Moore, L. M.....	30 82
Lafayette, S. S. Cong. church.....	8 27
Lima, Bapt. church, to const. Rev. Wm. Henry Shields, L. M.....	31 00
Manchester, Bapt. church, Dea. Oliver Arnold.....	5 00
Millville, Union Meeting.....	10 00
New York City, Capt. R. A. Williams, Brig. Como.....	5 00
Mrs. R. W. Dodge, for lib'y.....	15 00
Capt. Fowler, brig <i>Mary Celeste</i>	5 00
Mrs. G. M. Wilkins.....	50 00
Capt. Thomas Tapley and crew, bark <i>Ironsides</i>	12 00
Geo. W. Lane, for Genoa.....	50 00
Capt. Jas. R. Smith, schr. <i>Mariette</i>	3 17
1th Pres. church S. S.....	22 60
Estate of Mrs. Mary B. Varnum.....	2019 92
H. D. Bulkley, M. D.....	5 00
A. Arnold.....	10 00
James Brown.....	100 00
John O. Stone, M. D.....	5 00
Edward P. Brown.....	10 00
Lucius Tuckerman.....	10 00
Lucius Hopkins.....	25 00
Mrs. C. Smith.....	10 00
Horace Brooks.....	5 00
Pickering Clark.....	5 00
Thomas H. Faile.....	50 00
William Mathews, for Genoa.....	10 00
P. Mc Martin \$15 for Genoa.....	25 00
Mrs. P. Bullard.....	20 00
Hoyt Bros.....	10 00
Babeock Bros. & Co.....	10 00

J. B. Hoyt.....	5 00
Samuel L. M. Barlow.....	10 00
D. S. M.....	10 00
J. Catlin, Jr.....	10 00
B. W. Merriam.....	10 00
Lee, Tweedy & Co.....	10 00
J. T. Tapscott.....	5 00
Mrs. Geo. S. Robbins.....	50 00
William Bliss.....	5 00
A. & Co.....	5 00
Chas. H. Marshall.....	25 00
L. B. Wyman.....	10 00
John Dwight.....	25 00
C. M.....	5 00
Wm. G. Creamer.....	10 00
J. B. Spelman.....	10 00
Phelps, Dodge & Co.....	100 00
Fairbanks & Co.....	50 00
Edgar Ketchum.....	5 00
Willard Parker, M. D.....	20 00
Sawyer, Wallace & Co.....	25 00
John C. Cook, for Genoa.....	100 00
J. H.—for Genoa.....	10 00
R. Hoe & Co.....	25 00
A. S. Ball, M. D.....	5 00
Samuel D. Davis.....	15 00
Ogden, Science Hill S. S.....	9 81
Ovid, Pres. church S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
Pompey, Cong. church.....	12 41
Disciples church, for lib'y.....	20 00
Rochester, Pres. Brick church, Mrs. Harriet N. Alden, to const. S. Sanford Alden, L. M., \$30 00; Pliney M. Brownley, to const. himself L. M., 30 00; Wm. M. Thompson \$30 00; Mrs. Chloe Wilcox, with previous donation to const. herself L. M., \$15 00; D. W. Powers \$10 00; Daniel W. Leary \$10 00; Martin Briggs \$8 00; Edmund Lyon, John Hay, L. B., Davis, Henry Lambert, Edwin, Scranton, J. E. Mowrey, J. W. Hatch, N. B. Merrick, N. B. Parsons, E. R. Parsons, and Rev. J. B. Shaw, D. D., \$5 ea.....	248 10
Saugerties, Ref. church.....	32 55
Shelby, Meth. church.....	2 00
Syracuse, Central Bapt. church S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
4th Pres. church, individuals.....	15 00
Unadilla, Pres. church S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Bread Cast upon the Waters.....	20 00
Jersey City, 1st Ref. church.....	42 65
Lafayette, Ref. church.....	12 00
Readington, Helen C. Johnson.....	5 00
Sea Neck, Wash. Ave. church S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, 1st Pres. church S. S. for lib'y.....	40 00
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GEORGIA.

Savannah, Port Soc. for lib'y's.....	95 00
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LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, individuals.....	20 00
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KENTUCKY.

Henderson, Miss Annie Cameron.....	2 00
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WISCONSIN.

Beloit, Mrs. Lydia E. Allen.....	5 00
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 4th Pres. church S. S. for lib'y.....	15 00
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SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Hilo, Foreign church.....	50 00
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\$5,636 68



June.]

Published by the American Seamens Friend Society.

[1871.]

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

Here is one of the most remarkable cases of the kind, ever heard of. The gentleman who reports, is a distinguished merchant in New York. He is the owner of the vessel in connection with which this event occurred, and kindly sends the following extract from a letter which he received from the captain of the vessel, and which tells the story of the wonderful deliverance of a little boy from drowning.

Extract from a letter from Capt. Chas. A. Ranlett, Jr., master of ship "Surprise," dated Shanghai, 11th February.

"At 12½ midnight of Jan. 29th, the second mate, with his watch, were aloft reefing the mizzen-topsail, when William P. Joy, a small boy belonging to Nantucket, fell from the weather quarter of the yard, overboard, just clearing the weather mizzen channels, but striking heavily on one of the boat davit chains.

"I saw him fall, but did not have the remotest idea that we could save him; not only for the reason that the night was very dark and stormy with a heavy sea running, but because I supposed he was severely injured by his fall, and, encumbered by his clothing, would sink immediately.

"However I called all hands, shortened sail, and wore ship round on the port tack, and stood on for about fifteen minutes, when some of the men forward thought they heard a cry. Shortly, I wore ship again on to the starboard tack, as we were when he went overboard; and as the ship came up to the wind, we all heard him crying out on our weather bow. Coming to, with everything aback, brought him right under the weather quarter; when he was hauled in with a bow line thrown over him, apparently uninjured

"He was naked, having undressed himself by throwing off his oil clothes, sea boots, etc., in the water;—no small feat of itself, for a boy less than fourteen. His left arm was badly injured, but he had not felt it in the water.

"I consider this one of the most miraculous escapes from drowning I ever heard of, not only that the youngster should keep himself up for 45 minutes, but that we should find him in such a dark night."

CHAS. A. RANLETT, JR.
Master of ship "Surprise."

This story strikingly illustrates the benefit of trying. It is encouraging to those who are trying to do good to others. Many persons, if they had been in this captain's place, would

have said, "It is impossible to save this boy, in the midst of such a storm, and in such a dark night. It is not worth while to try." They would have given up at once without trying. But Captain Ranlett believed in the use of trying. He did try, and saved the boy's life.

And then this story is encouraging to those who are *trying to get good for themselves*. Many persons, if they had been in the place of this brave boy, when he fell into the stormy ocean, amidst the darkness of midnight, would have said to themselves, "It is impossible to be saved. We may as well give up at once and die." But he did not think so. He believed in trying. He did try. He threw off his heavy clothes and struck out for life. God blessed his trying, and his life was saved. Let us try our best to do good, and to get good; for when God blesses our efforts we can never tell what the result will be.

Library Reports.

During the month of April, sixty four libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall St., twenty new and forty-four refitted. The following reports have been received, viz :

No. 61.—"Books read with interest:" gone to Cienfuegos, on Schr. *S. C. Evans*.

No. 659.—Returned and gone to sea on Schr. *D. E. Kelly*.

No. 855.—"Read with good results:" gone to Georgetown, on Schr. *Gettysburgh*.

No. 916.—"Much prized by the crew:" gone to Vera Cruz on Schr. *L. Newton*.

No. 1032.—"Read with profit by all:" gone to Georgetown on Schr. *Isabella*.

No. 1037.—Has been several voyages; books much read; gone to Jamaica on Brig, *Balear*.

No. 1071.—"Read by several crews with interest:" gone to Porto Rico, on Schr. *E. Waters*.

No. 1305.—"Read with interest;" gone to various ports, on Schr. *Quickstep*.

No. 1486.—Has been a number of voyages, and done much good: gone to Cuba, on Schr. *T. S. McLellan*.

No. 1553.—"Books much read;" gone to Jamaica, on Schr. *H. Ellen*.

No. 1559.—"Books were useful;" gone to Indianola, on Schr. *A. M. Dickinson*.

No. 1741.—Has been several voyages; books read with profit; gone to Cuba, on Brig *M. Celeste*.

No. 1838.—"Your books were the means of good to all:" gone to Indianola, on Schr. *Franklin*.

No. 1865.—"The capt. and crew express their thanks for the use of this Library: read with profit:" gone to West Indies, on Brig *Como*.

No. 1871.—"Books read with interest:" gone to West Indies, on Brig *Hattie B*.

No. 2182.—"Books much read:" gone to Antwerp, on Bark *A. Young*.

No. 2190.—"This library has done good to all;" gone to Jacksonville, on Schr. *K. Ranger*.

No. 2209.—"Read with interest;" gone to New Orleans, on Brig *C. Pickens*.

No. 2269.—Returned from a voyage to the Pacific, books read with interest; refitted and gone to Remedios, on Bark *Rothmay*.

No. 2364.—Has been over three years on ship board; been to various ports; read with interest; gone to St. Domingo, on Brig *Rainbow*.

No. 2407.—"Read with good results;" gone to Cuba, on Schr. *G. Lawrence*.

No. 2416.—"Read by all with profit:" gone to Sydney, on Bark *M. B. Almon*.

No. 2460.—Returned refitted and reshipped, on Brig. *Morancy*, for Greytown.

No. 2475.—"Books read with good results:" gone to Africa, on Brig *M. M. Williams*.

No. 2585. — "Books much read," gone to Cuba, on Brig *Salve*.

No. 2818. — Has been two voyages to China: read with interest; now on Pilot Boat *J. Webb*.

No. 2829. — Has been several voyages: much read; gone to Cuba, on Brig *B. G. Harmony*.

No. 2838. — "Read with profit;" gone to Charleston, on Schr. *Lilly*.

No. 2905. — "Books read, and were useful:" gone to Mobile, on Schr. *Ann and Susan*.

No. 2955. — The captain returns thanks for the use of library; "books read with profit;" gone to Europe, on Bark *A. Craig*.

No. 3083. — Refitted and now gone to Cuba, on Brig *A. Collins*.

No. 3120. — "Read with interest;" gone to Trinidad, on Brig *A. Lea*.

No. 3168. — "Read with profit;" gone to Buenos Ayers, on Bark *Nyack*.

No. 3211. — Returned, refitted and gone to Cuba, on Brig *O. Belle*.

No. 3234. — Has been two voyages to Europe; "books all read with good results;" gone to Havre, on Brig *M. M. Francis*.

No. 3242. — "Books much read:" gone to Cuba, on Brig *Leona*.

No. 3284. — Returned from Pacific, "books read with profit:" refitted and reshipped for Rio de Janerio, on Brig *Joanna*.

No. 3295. — "Read with good results;" gone to West Indies, on Schr. *Magnet*.

No. 3313. — "Book much read:" gone to Mobile, on Brig *F. H. Jennings*.

No. 3321. — Returned from East Indies: gone to Porto Rico, on Schr. *W. Deming*.

No. 3400. — "Books read with profit;" gone to Cuba, on Brig *Confederate*.

No. 3552. — "Books much read with good results;" gone to Havana, on Bark *L. T. Stoker*.

No. 3619. — "Books read and appreciated;" now on Revenue Cutter *Seward*.

No. 2741. — Returned, re-fitted and sent out on Bark, *Young Turk*, 10 men for Mediterranean; it has been very useful.

No. 3433. — Returned from Grand Banks in good condition, and gone to sea on Schr. *F. H. Alton*; 16 men. Fishery contribution, \$11.00.

N. 3085. — Returned in good condition, with contribution of \$3. Gone to West Indies.

No. 3039. — Returned. Books much read. Refitted and gone to West Indies.

No. 37. — Has been eight voyages, and three times around the world. Books much read. Gone to Grand Banks, on Schr. *C. C. Davis*, 11 men.

No. 3505. — "GOD BLESS THE SEAMAN'S FRIENDS. Your labors are truly blessed. Often have I thanked God for raising up such hearty and sincere friends for the poor neglected and abused sailor. Your libraries supply the spiritual food that the hungry and starving souls of seamen craves, and is a most valuable help to the struggling Christian, *We feel that we cannot do without them*. During the year, one of my shipmates has joined the army of the Lord, and has become an active member of the church; others I trust will soon follow. With many thanks for your kindness, and prayers for the success of your Society, I subscribe myself, &c.,

HENRY SEGUINE.

NEW YORK, 6th May, 1871.

No. 3594. — FRIENDS AND BROTHERS:

Your library was placed on board the ship *Winnifred* last fall, has been a voyage from your port to Antwerp, thence to New Castle, thence to Bangor, where it is at present. I am about leaving the ship, and a new commander takes my place, together with a new crew. This library has done a deal of good on board this ship; all the books have been read with interest. We have had no profane language on board to my knowledge;

and I attribute a great deal of this, as on former voyages, to your libraries. You are doing a great work for the seamen. I notice year by year an improvement in seamen's conduct, and I attribute it to the more humane way they are treated, and to the many benevolent societies that are at work for them, especially to the "AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY." May you go on doing good to seamen, and may the Society prosper, and may shipowners and masters feel that it is for their benefit as well as the seamen that this Society is at work.

JAMES F. SCOTT.

Ship Winnifred.

"Where does Jesus Live?"

To many people the Saviour is very far off—too far, indeed, to bless or help, or save in time of need. Others have a different experience, an experience of Christ with them and Christ in them.

"Where does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once, in a mission-school.

"Please, sir, he lives in our alley, now," said a little boy who had lately found the Saviour.

Such an experience as this is sweet. To have Christ dwelling, not only in heavenly glory afar off, but also in our streets, in our alleys, in our homes, and in our hearts—this makes this dreary world look bright, and the world to come look brighter still.

"While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

A House without A Roof.

A Scottish laborer went to work for a wealthy farmer. It was regarded as something of a favor to be employed by him, as he was a prompt and liberal paymaster, and was regarded by his neighbors as a very superior farmer. The Scotsman remained with him only a few days.

"I'm told you've left farmer R—," said a neighbor.

"Yes, I have," was the reply.

"Was the work too hard for you?"
"There was nothing to complain of on that score."

"What, then? Were the wages too low?"

"No."

"Why did you leave?"

"There was no roof on the house!"
And he went on his way, leaving his questioner to ponder on the strange answer he had given.

The Scotchman's meaning will be found in the saying of an old writer, who affirms that a dwelling in which prayer is not offered up to God daily is like a house without a roof, in which there cannot be either peace, safety, or comfort.

Little Things.

A daisy is a little thing—
Grows, perchance, unheeded,
Yet the little simple flower
On the earth is needed.

A rain-drop is a little thing,
Many make the flowers;
Little moments flitting by
Make up all the hours.

One little star at close of day
Vainly seems to twinkle,
Till at length the shining host
All the blue arch sparkle.

A smile is but a little thing
To the happy giver,
Yet it oftentimes leaves a calm
On life's boisterous river.

Gentle words are never lost,
Howe'er small their seeming,
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming.

Ah, it is the little things—
Little joys and trials,
Little pleasures, little griefs,
And little self denials.

Little hopes and little fears
Fill our morn and even,
Little beams of love and faith
Light our way to heaven.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., } *Cor. Sec's.*
S. H. HALL, D. D.

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*
80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

OFFICES } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES.
AND } New Haven, Ct., Rev. H. BEEBE.
ADDRESS } Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 150 Thompson street, (colored) .	" " " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society....	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society....	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	" " " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do Peter Oberg.
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	do Christ. Bowman.
" 39 do	do William White.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House"...	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S..... David Ilsley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Society	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission " "	" " "
" 27 Greenwich street.....	" " " "	B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " "	H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " "	Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N.R.....	Methodist.....	O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	" " " "	O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist.....	P. G. Cooke.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society...	John Miles.
" North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	S. H. Hayes.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis sts.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	Geo. S. Noyes.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, Mr. Fore st. near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Society...	J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street...	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y	F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society....	C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Presbyterian.....	J. D. Butler.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Methodist.....	D. H. Emerson, D.D
" Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	G. W. McLaughlin.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.	Joseph Perry.
" cor. Light and Lee sts.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society...	R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street.....	" " " "	E. N. Crane.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	" " " "	Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*

Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAMUEL H. HALL, *Treasurer.*

" S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y. & Ed. Mag.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen : to protect them from imposition and fraud ; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world ; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 3,713, containing 180,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shippments, they have been accessible to probably 170,000 men. Over seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVING'S BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 77,678 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, and HONOLULU, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member ; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.